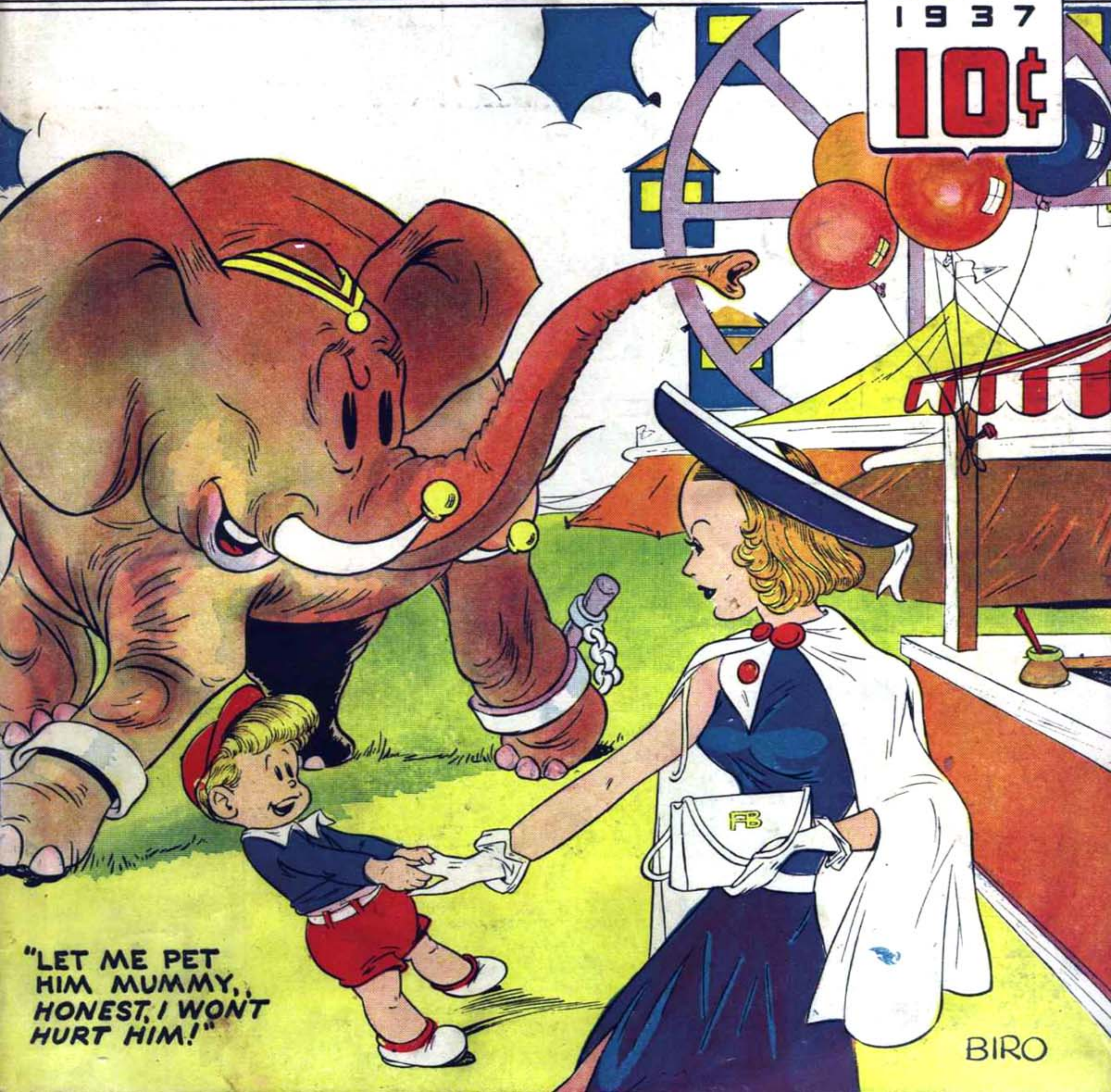


FUNNY PICTURE STORIES

MYSTERY---THRILLS---ACTION

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
SEPT
1937
10¢



"LET ME PET
HIM MUMMY,
HONEST, I WON'T
HURT HIM!"

BIRO



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Between Ourselves



EDITORIAL

We're not in the habit of bragging, but we have to admit that we certainly are DIFFERENT . . . You know, most people do their house cleaning in the Spring, but not us . . . No, sir! We do our house cleaning whenever we think it's necessary . . . And we find it necessary EVERY MONTH in order to make each issue of FUNNY PICTURE STORIES more THRILLING and ENTERTAINING than ever before!

Only last month we said to each other, "Sure, FUNNY PICTURE STORIES is a swell magazine, but we can't be satisfied with that. We've got to keep improving it all the time so all our READER FRIENDS will be getting MORE for their money!"

We took down our editorial feather duster, which hangs conveniently near our desk, and began dusting off all the old features until they took on a new, bright snappy appearance.

Then we rustled up some brand new ACTION stories and ZIPPY cartoons and placed them here and there among the old stand-bys. Do you think we stopped there? We should say not! Just listen to this:

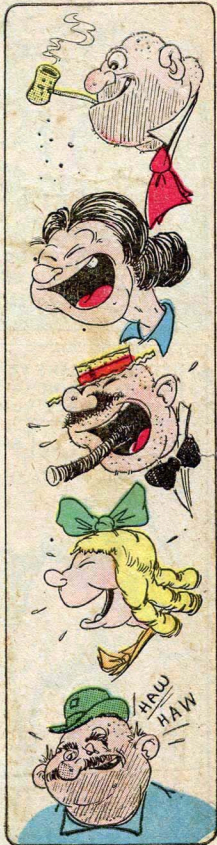
We went into the cartoon room and called all our CARTOON CHARACTERS together.

"Look a here, fellas," we told them. "From now on we're going to give all our READERS a NEW DEAL. We want you to give 'em plenty of ACTION, THRILLS, and EXCITEMENT, so FUNNY PICTURE STORIES will be the best CARTOON MAGAZINE on the NEWSSTANDS!"

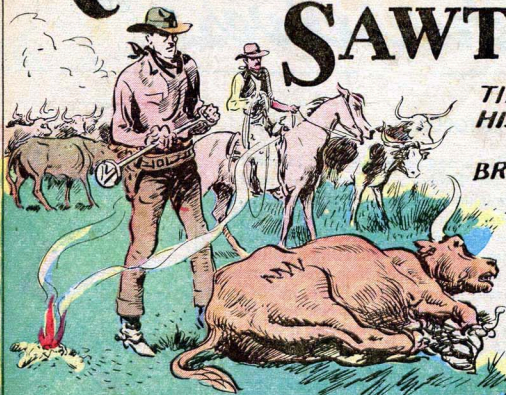
And that's the reason why you'll find this latest issue of FUNNY PICTURE STORIES so chock full of PEP and ZIP that you won't put it away until you've read EVERY PAGE of it!

AND DON'T FORGET . . . If you want to have a MILLION LAUGHS, get the latest issue of FUNNY PAGES which is on the stands today. We've done a house cleaning job on that, too, and you'll find it brim full of NEW FEATURES and FUNNY GAGS . . . Better than ever BEFORE!

And now our characters are waiting to give you the biggest dime's worth of entertainment in the WHOLE WORLD, so go to it, and HAPPY READING!



RUSTLERS FROM SAWTOO

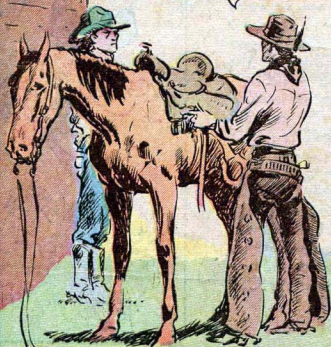


TIM WALSH
HIS WITS,
A BAND
BRAND BLOTTERS

A Complete
STORY
By ROSS MARTIN
and W.M. Allison

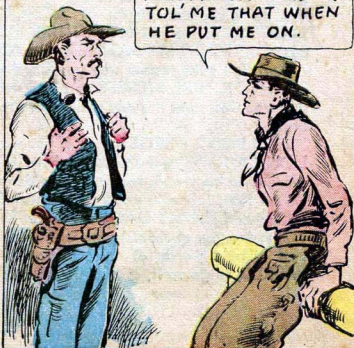
HEY, YOU, WALSH! YER A NEW
MAN HERE, AINCHA? BREEN
WANTS TO SEE YUH!

AN' WHO'S BREEN?
FOREMAN?

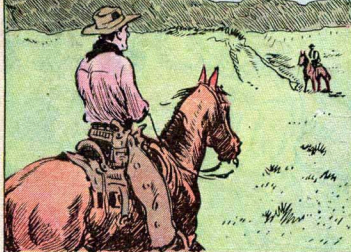


NEW MEN AIN'T SO WELCOME ON
THIS RANCH. FACT IS, THEY HAVE
A HABIT OF DISAPPEARIN'.
'SPECIALLY WHEN THEY KNOW
TOO MUCH,

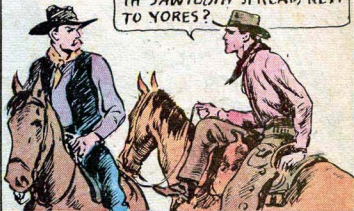
I SAVVY-NED WARBUCKS
TOL' ME THAT WHEN
HE PUT ME ON.



WHY WARBUCKS WANTED ME TO
MEET HIM HERE IS MORE THAN I
CAN—THERE HE IS NOW!



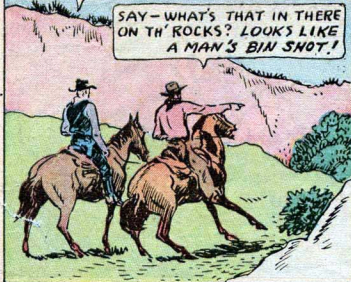
I'M NOT ONLY MISSIN' CATTLE, TIM,
BUT I'M LOSIN' MY MEN, TOO.
WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT?



I C'N KEEP MY EYES AN' EARS
OPEN. DID YUH SAY BREEN
USED TO BE FOREMAN OF
TH' SAWTOOTH SPREAD, NEXT
TO YORES?

YES, AND IT WAS AFTER HE LEFT THERE
THAT THINGS STARTED HAPPENIN'—TO ME!

SAY—WHAT'S THAT IN THERE
ON TH' ROCKS? LOOKS LIKE
A MAN'S BIN SHOT!



SUN IS HOT—WATER—HIDE 'EM IN
FORK CANYON—NEXT TO ME!

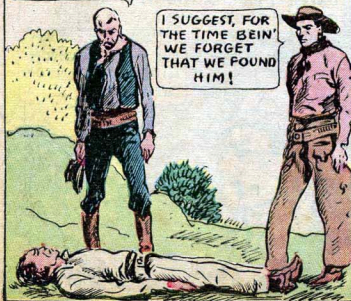
MEBBE!

HE'S DELIRIOUS!



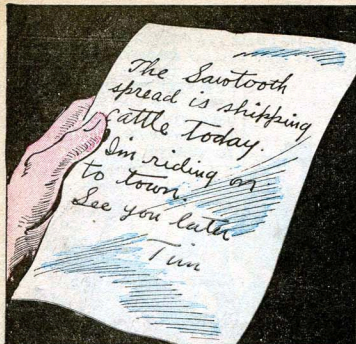
SO THIS IS WHAT BECOMES OF MY MEN!

I SUGGEST, FOR
THE TIME BEIN'
WE FORGET
THAT WE FOUND
HIM!



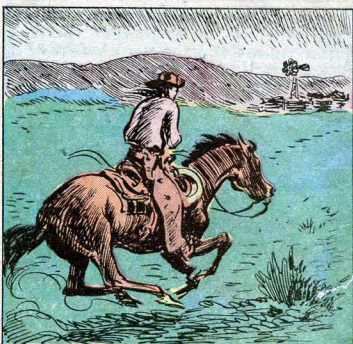
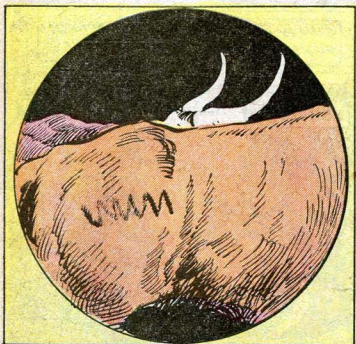
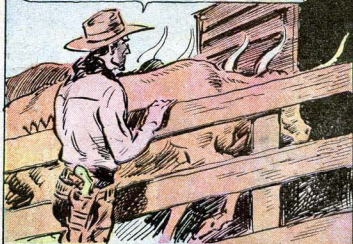
—AN' HERE THEY
STAY 'TILL THE
CATTLEMAN GITS
TO TH' SAWTOOTH.



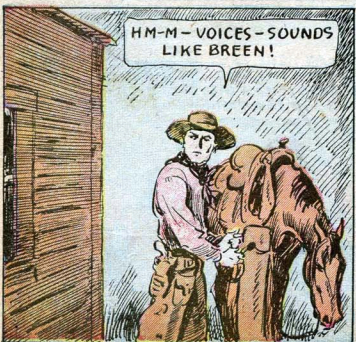


THREE DAYS LATER —

THAT SAWTOOTH BRAND LOOKS
A LITTLE TOO MUCH LIKE NED
WARBUCKS NW IRON.



HM-M-VOICES-SOUNDS
LIKE BREEN!

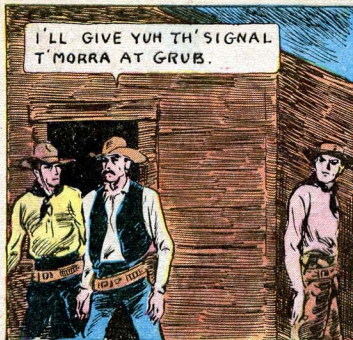


HAVE TH' BOYS READY FER' ANOTHER
DRIVE T'MORRA NIGHT. TH' OL' MAN'S
GITTIN' SUSPICIOUS!

O.K. — BUT WHICH
HIDE-OUT CANYON
DO WE USE?



I'LL GIVE YUH TH' SIGNAL
T'MORRA AT GRUB.



A BLOTCHED BRAND,
HUH? BUT THAT
STILL ISN'T ENOUGH.
IF WE COULD ONLY
CATCH 'EM RED-
HANDED!

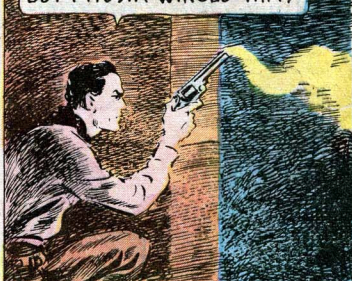


WE HAVE ONE
MORE CHANCE.
MEBBE I CAN
CATCH BREEN'S
SIGNAL T'MORRA.

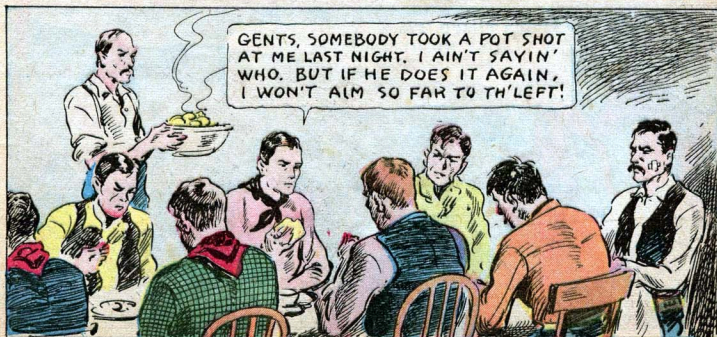
INFORMED OF TIM'S CONFAB WITH
WARBUCKS, BREEN DECIDES TO CUT
SHORT WALSH'S ACTIVITIES.



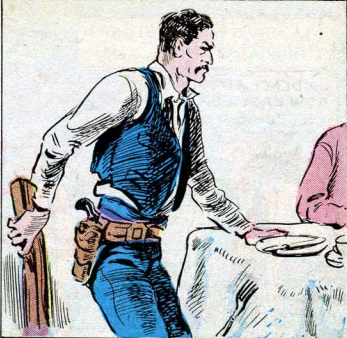
HE GOT AWAY IN TH' BRUSH!
BUT I MUSTA WINGED HIM.



GENTS, SOMEBODY TOOK A POT SHOT
AT ME LAST NIGHT. I AIN'T SAYIN'
WHO. BUT IF HE DOES IT AGAIN,
I WON'T AIM SO FAR TO TH' LEFT!



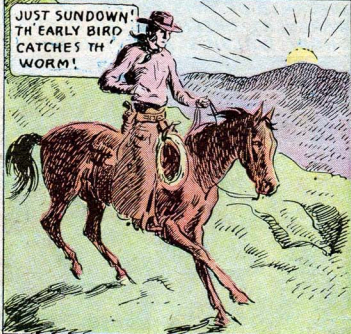
AIN'T BEEN ANY SIGN YET. MEBBE
I'M BARKIN' UP TH' WRONG TREE.



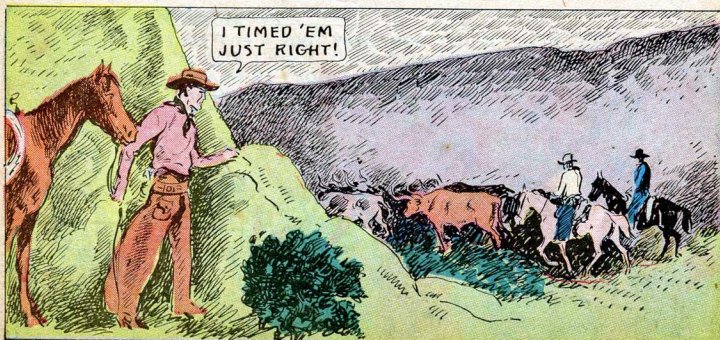
SUN IS HOT - HIDE 'EM
IN *FORK CANYON* -
NEXT TO ME!

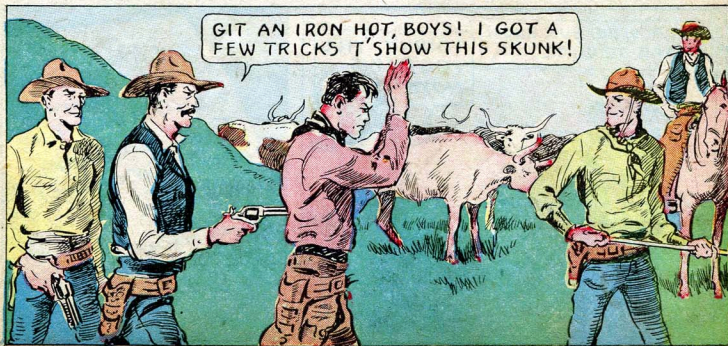
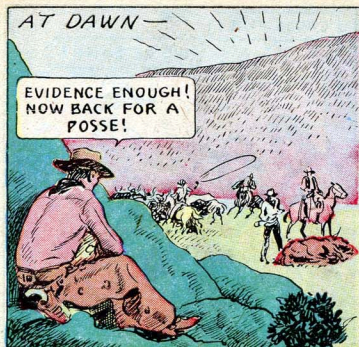


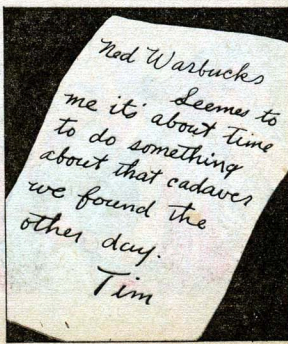
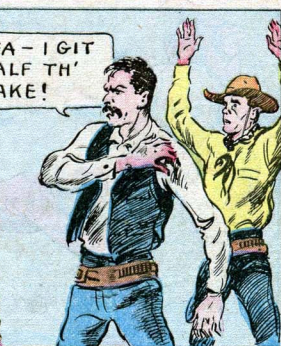
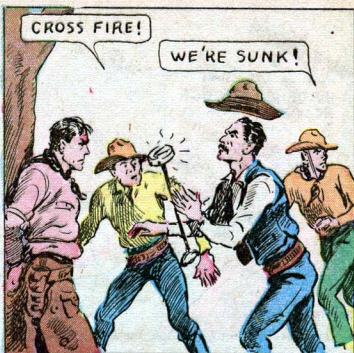
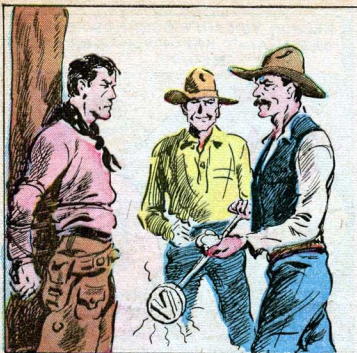
JUST SUNDOWN!
TH' EARLY BIRD
CATCHES TH'
WORM!



I TIMED 'EM
JUST RIGHT!







Tim and Tom



Jack STRAND



DIANA, I'M DYING AND I'VE LEFT
MUCH UNFINISHED!

OH NONSENSE, UNCLE. THAT
DOESN'T SOUND MUCH LIKE
HOMER CARLIN!



JACK IS A FINE MAN AND YOU LOVE
ONE ANOTHER. I WISH... I DIDN'T
HAVE TO TURN THIS... AWFUL DUTY
OVER TO YOU.

THANK YOU DR. CARLIN. I
WILL ALWAYS BE AT YOUR
SERVICE.



THE PIN HOLDS A RAY. IT WILL PROTECT
YOU FROM... PSYK... HE CAN'T FIGHT IT...
BUT HE WANTS IT... WITH IT... HE CAN
RUIN THE WHOLE WORLD!



..TAKEN YEARS TO GATHER THIS RAY. NO
OTHER LIKE IT IN THE WORLD. IF PSYK
OBTAINS OR YOU GET IN HIS POWER, LOOK
FOR WEAK SPOT ON BODY... IT WILL BE

COVERED WITH METAL...
YOUR ONLY HOPE.. THEN.



HE'S DEAD, DIANA-IT'S
BETTER... I GUESS.

Y...YES...



THREE DAYS PASS. HOMER CARLIN HAS BEEN LAID IN HIS GRAVE AND JACK AND DIANA LUNCH TOGETHER~.

YOU LOOK SO TIRED DIANA

I AM JACK. IT'S BEEN A STRAIN...AND I KEEP WORRYING ABOUT THAT PIN!



LET ME KEEP IT FOR YOU, DEAR. YOUR UNCLE WAS DELIRIOUS. IT'S A VERY CHEAP PIN, PROBABLY WORTH NO MORE THAN 10¢

OH, I SUPPOSE YOUR RIGHT, BUT IT...IT FRIGHTENS ME.



THEN SUDDENLY~

OH-H! JACK!

DIANA - WHAT IS IT?



JACK...HE'S GOING TO KILL HER.

THE YELLOW RAT, I'LL FIX HIM!



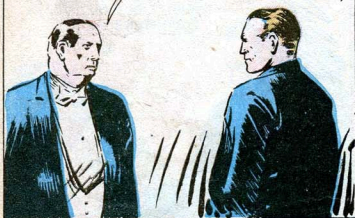
OH...THANK YOU, SIR I'D RATHER NOT PREFER CHARGES -- PLEASE

OF COURSE NOT, MADAM. I UNDERSTAND.



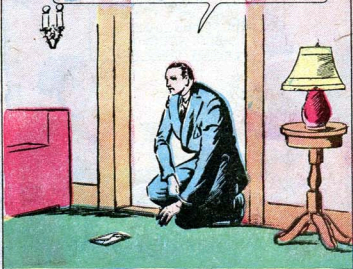
WHERE IS THE YOUNG LADY I WAS WITH, WATER.

SHE LEFT, SIR, WITH AN ELDERLY MAN - WHILE YOU WERE PROTECTING THE OTHER LADY. VERY COURAGEOUS OF YOU, TOO, SIR.

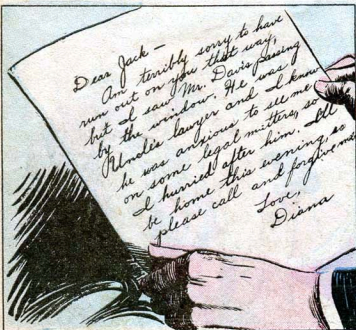


WHEN JACK RETURNS, DIANA HAS LEFT ~

FUNNY THE WAY DIANA LEFT. OH WELL, SHE PROBABLY HAD A REASON. HELLO - WHAT'S THIS?



Dear Jack -
Am terribly sorry to have
run out on you that way,
but I saw Mr. Davis passing
by the window. He was
Alvin's lawyer and I knew
he was anxious to get me
on some legal matters, so
I hurried after him. I'll
be home this evening, so
please call and forgive me.
Love,
Diana



THAT EVENING JACK GOES TO DIANA'S APARTMENT

OH JACK, I'M
SO SORRY.

NONSENSE DIANA, JUST FORGET
IT - YOU LOOK SO BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT.



I FEEL SO SAFE NOW, JACK. I WAS
FOOLISH ABOUT THAT PIN. CAN'T I
HAVE IT BACK? I THINK UNCLE HOMER

CERTAINLY, DIANA.
IT'S IN MY WALLET.

WOULD RATHER I
KEEP IT.



HERE IT IS. JUST A MINUTE NOW,
I HAVE IT IN MY FINGERS.

HURRY UP YOU GIVE
ME THE WHOLE WALLET-
FOOL, NOT JUST THE PIN.



WHY - DIANA -- WHAT IS IT ?

SO YOU STILL HAVE THE PIN!
DROP IT ON THE FLOOR, I TELL
YOU! DROP IT!



HERE IT IS, AND FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE, DIANA, TELL ME---

GET AWAY FROM
ME! GET AWAY!



DIANA! COME BACK HERE



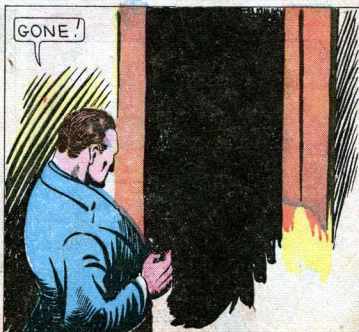
HELP!



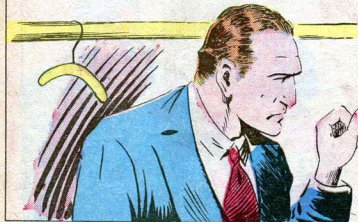
SAY WHAT'S EATING HER, ANYWAY!
DARN IT! SHE WON'T GET AWAY
WITH THAT!



GONE!



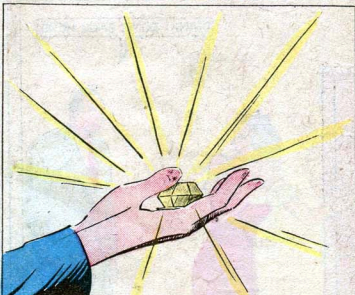
NOT A LOOSE PANAL IN HERE I'VE
CHECKED WALLS, CEILING, AND FLOOR.



SHE'S JUST DISAPPEARED AND
I'VE GOT TO FIND HER! I'VE GOT
A HUNCH HER DISAPPEARANCE
IS IN SOME WAY CONNECTED
WITH PSYK --- AND THIS PIN!



GOSH! THERE'S A STRANGE LIGHT
IN THE CENTER OF THE STONE--
IT'S GROWING LARGER!

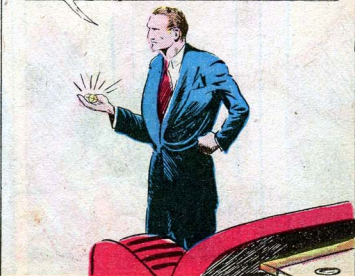


THE STONE SEEMS TO EXPAND AND
THROW OFF A WEIRD LIGHT~

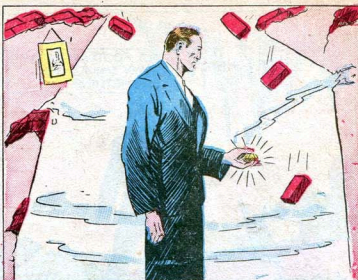


DIANA! IT'S THIS CURSED
STONE! THE AFFAIR IN
THE RESTAURANT WAS
JUST A SET-UP BY
PSYK TO CAPTURE
HER.

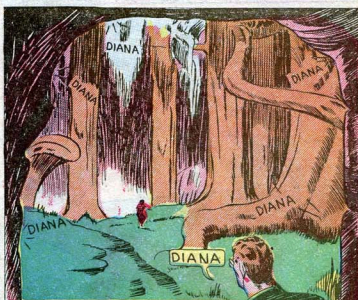
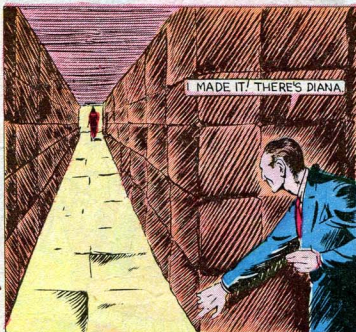
ALL RIGHT, PSYK! YOU'VE SHOWED YOUR
HAND! YOU WANT THIS STONE AND
YOU'LL GET IT! I'LL DELIVER IT IN PERSON!



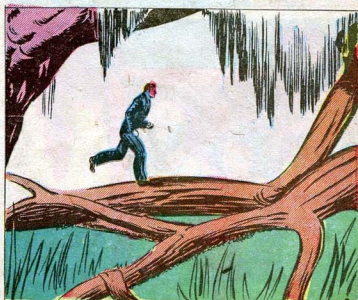
IT LOOKS AS IF THE POWER OF PSYK'S MIND WAS DIRECTING DIANA'S WILL. MAYBE IF I FORCE MY WILL AGAINST HIS! WITH THE AID OF THIS STONE...I'LL TRY.



JACK FORCES HIS WILL AND CONCENTRATES HIS THOUGHTS ON GETTING DIANA. AS HE DOES SO, THE WALLS CRUMBLE ABOUT HIM.



JACK CALLS VAINLY TO DIANA WHO FLEES INTO THE STRANGE WOOD OF A 1000 VOICES.



JACK RUSHES ON AND ON-THROUGH THE WOODS, HOPING TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF DIANA ~



A FOOTPATH! EITHER WAY SHOULD TO SOMETHING!



STRANGE! A CASTLE! THERE SEEMS TO BE NO ONE ABOUT THE GROUNDS.



YET I HAVE A FEELING THAT I'M BEING WATCHED. I'D BETTER CARRY THIS PIN. CARLIN SAID PSYK WAS AFRAID OF IT.



THEN YOU HAVE NOT LIED, DIANA. WHEN YOUR HAIR ALL DISAPPEARS, YOU WILL BE A REAL ASSET TO THE REALM OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS.

THE MAN FROM CIVILIZATION IS APPROACHING THE CASTLE NOW, PSYK.



I HATE HIM.

NEVER FEAR, DIANA YOU'LL GET YOUR REVENGE BUT FIRST CALL AWAY THE SERVANTS—



THIS PLACE GETS ON MY NERVES. I'M GOING TO HIDE HERE TILL I SEE SOMEONE THEN MAKE 'EM TALK!

MAYBE THE PIN WILL PROTECT JACK—AND PERHAPS HE'LL RESCUE DIANA. BUT HIS CHANCES OF OUT-WITTING PSYK ARE SLIM--- PSYK IS MENTAL DYNAMITE!!

(CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE)

MAKERS OF HISTORY



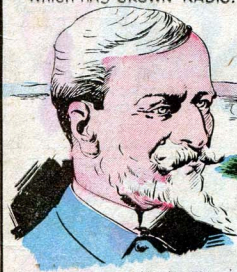
GUGLIELMO MARCONI
BORN 1874

STUDIED MUSIC, BUT INTERESTED ONLY ON SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SOUND. ON DECEMBER 12, 1901, HE MADE FIRST SUCCESSFUL WIRELESS CONTACT, OUT OF WHICH HAS GROWN RADIO.



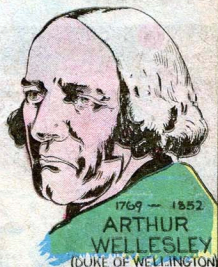
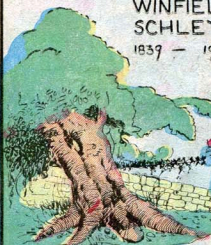
GEORGE MEADE
1815 — 1872

HAS HONOR OF HAVING COMMANDED UNITED STATES TROOPS IN GREATEST BATTLE EVER FOUGHT ON AMERICAN SOIL-- THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. WAS CRITICIZED FOR NOT FOLLOWING UP THE VICTORY AND CRUSHING LEE, BUT LATER RECEIVED FOR HIS SERVICE A VOTE OF THANKS FROM CONGRESS.



WINFIELD SCHLEY
1839 — 1911

AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER SERVED IN THE CIVIL WAR; COMMANDED GREELY RESCUE EXPEDITION IN 1884. LOCATED AND BLOCKADED SPANISH FLEET IN SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR AND WAS IN ACTUAL COMMAND IN BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.



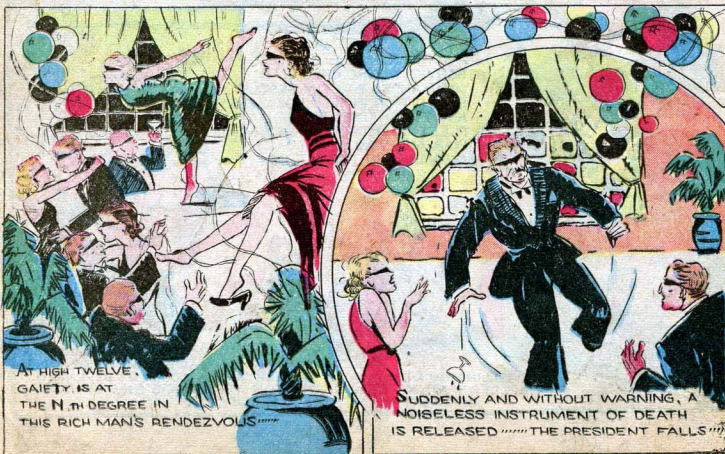
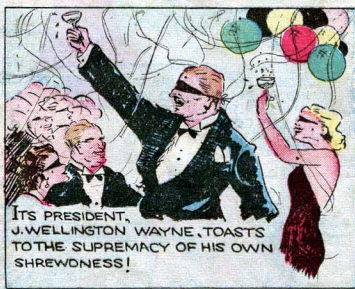
1769 — 1852
ARTHUR WELLESLEY
(DUKE OF WELLINGTON)

FAMOUS OFFICER IN ARMY OF GREAT BRITAIN; MADE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN HONOR OF SERVICE TO HIS COUNTRY. DEFEATED NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO AND FOR YEARS WAS ONE OF MOST INFLUENTIAL MEN IN ALL EUROPE.

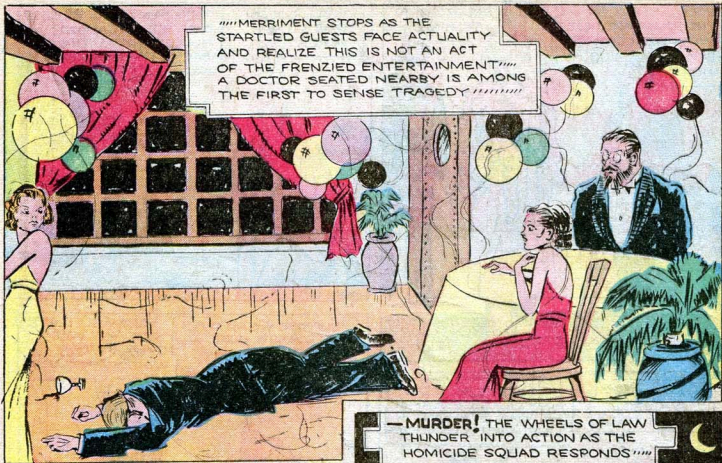
The CASE of the SHORE CLUB WINDOW

AS SOLVED BY THE MASTER MIND

BY GEORGE MERKLE

.....MERRIMENT STOPS AS THE
STARTLED GUESTS FACE ACTUALITY
AND REALIZE THIS IS NOT AN ACT
OF THE FRENZIED ENTERTAINMENT.....
A DOCTOR SEATED NEARBY IS AMONG
THE FIRST TO SENSE TRAGEDY.....

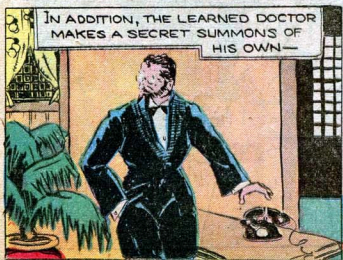


THIS MAN IS DEAD,
BUT HE DID **NOT**
DIE OF NATURAL
CAUSES.....

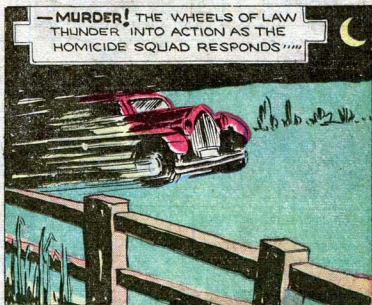
HMMM!
THAT
MEANS—



IN ADDITION, THE LEARNED DOCTOR
MAKES A SECRET SUMMONS OF
HIS OWN—



—MURDER! THE WHEELS OF LAW
THUNDER INTO ACTION AS THE
HOMICIDE SQUAD RESPONDS.....

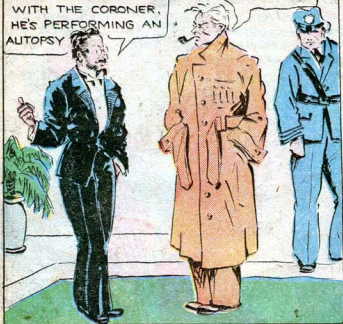


—INTO THE SANCTUM OF ONE WHOSE
REAL IDENTITY IS KNOWN ONLY TO A FEW
BUT REFERRED TO BY THOSE OF
CRIMINAL TENDENCIES HE HAD
OUTWITTED AS THE **MASTER MIND**



GOOD EVENING, SIR!!!!
THE POLICE ARE HERE
WITH THE CORONER.
HE'S PERFORMING AN
AUTOPSY

SHOW ME IN
TO HIM!



WELL, DOC.
WHAT'S THE
VERDICT?

THIS MAN WAS KILLED
BY THIS 45 CALIBER
BULLET FROM THE
BACK. THE AIM WAS
PERFECT!



SUPPOSE WE GO OVER
THE EVENTS JUST
AS YOU SAW
THEM.

VERY WELL. LET'S
SEE IT WAS
OVER BY THAT
WINDOW FOLLOW
ME



DID ANYBODY
HEAR A SHOT
WHEN HE FELL?

NO, NO ONE, NOR DID
ANY GLASS BREAK-
HE WAS STANDING IN
LINE WITH A WINDOW.



HE STOOD SOMETHING
LIKE THIS AND
OFFERED A TOAST
HIS BACK WAS TO
THE WINDOW

LOOKS LIKE
ANY OTHER
WINDOW
LET'S LOOK
IT OVER .



HELLO-WHATS THIS?

MMM! HERE'S
WHY YOU
HEARD NO
BREAKING
OF GLASS
CELLOPHANE
PANEL
GLASS
TAKEN
OUT !

VERY INTERESTING, BUT
WHO WOULD REACH SO
HIGH TO SHOOT, AND
THERE'S NO BUILDING
FOR MILES OVER
THE WATER!





A SHOT MIGHT POSSIBLY COME FROM THAT ISLAND. GET A SMALL BOAT READY!

THERE'S USUALLY ONE OUT THERE. — YES, I SEE IT.



BY THE WAY, BOY DID YOU NOTICE THAT CELLOPHANE IN THE WINDOW?

YES, SIR, TWO NIGHTS AGO I NOTICED IT WHEN I SHUT THE WINDOW AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, BUT IT WAS NOT THERE AT TEN, NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW HOW IT GOT THERE.



QUITE A CROWD FOLLOWING US IN BACK WHO ARE THEY?

CLUB MEMBERS, THEY'RE ALLRIGHT, I SUPPOSE THIS AFFAIR MADE THEM RESTLESS INSIDE THIS IS THE BOAT



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THE SHOT CAME FROM THAT ISLAND?

WELL, FOR ONE THING, I SEE A LADDER, AND THEN WELL, WE'LL SEE



WHAT A PERFECT SET-UP FOR A MURDER! ... HIGH-POWERED RIFLE LONG DISTANCE SIGHT FOR AIM, AND A SILENCER!

CLEVER, M.M.M. VERY CLEVER!

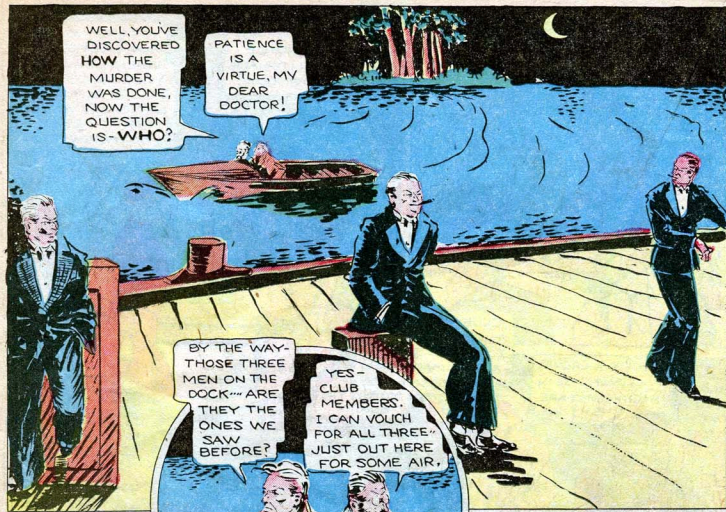
WELL, YOU'VE
DISCOVERED
HOW THE
MURDER
WAS DONE,
NOW THE
QUESTION
IS - WHO?

PATIENCE
IS A
VIRTUE, MY
DEAR
DOCTOR!

BY THE WAY,
THOSE THREE
MEN ON THE
DOCK - ARE
THEY THE
ONES WE
SAW
BEFORE?

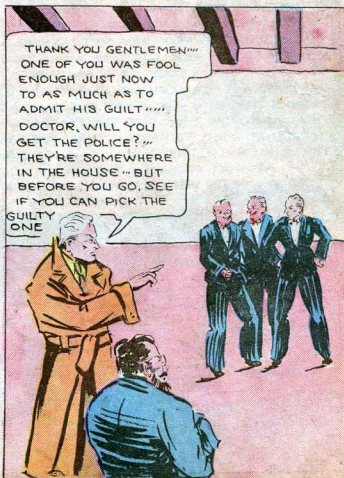
YES -
CLUB
MEMBERS.
I CAN VOUCH
FOR ALL THREE -
JUST OUT HERE
FOR SOME AIR.

AIR? HMM!
MAYBE SO,
DOCTOR, BUT
ANYWAY, I
SUSPECT EVERY-
ONE - EVEN YOU
UNTIL THE PROCESS
OF ELIMINATION
LETS YOU OUT.





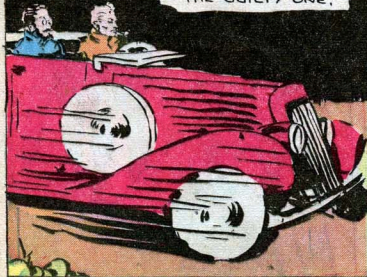
10
MINUTES
LATER
7



THE SOLUTION TO THE CLUB SHORE WINDOW MYSTERY

... HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE, ARE YOU?
BEFORE READING THIS SOLUTION, SEE
IF YOU CAN DEDUCT WHO IS GUILTY
OF THE THREE SUSPECTS-ALL CLEWS
WERE SHOWN....

THE MURDERED MAN HAD HIS BACK
TO THE WINDOW WHEN HE FELL. A BULLET
WAS EXTRACTED FROM HIM YET NO ONE
HEARD A SHOT FIRED. WE EXPLAINED THAT
BY DISCOVERING A PANE OF GLASS WAS
REMOVED AND CELLOPHANE SUBSTITUTED.
FINDING THE GUN WAS EASY. THE QUESTION
THEN WAS, WHO TOOK OUT THE PANE OF GLASS?
NOBODY SEEMED TO KNOW. THEN WE SAW
THREE MEN ON THE DOCK. ONE OF THEM
SHOT AT ME, PROBABLY THE SAME ONE
WHO REMOVED THE GLASS-
- THE GUILTY ONE!



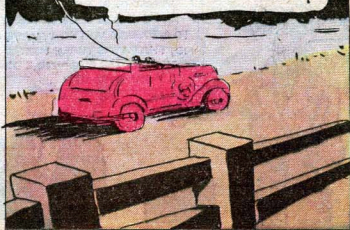
I ADMIT THAT
ANY OF THE
THREE SUSPECTS
I'D PICK WOULD BE
A GUESS, BUT
WHY DON'T
YOU MAKE
AN ARREST?

THE POLICE WILL
DO THAT-I TOLD
THEM WHOM TO
ARREST, BUT
LET'S YOU AND I
GO FOR A DRIVE
AND BEGIN AT THE
BEGINNING.

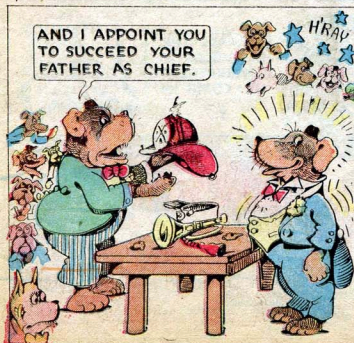
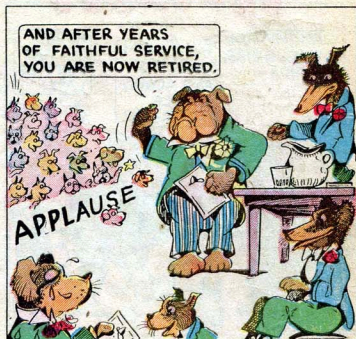
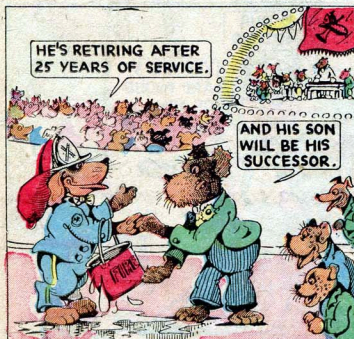
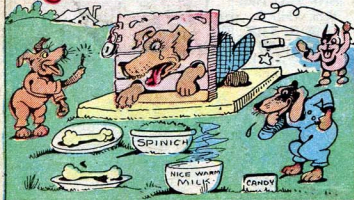


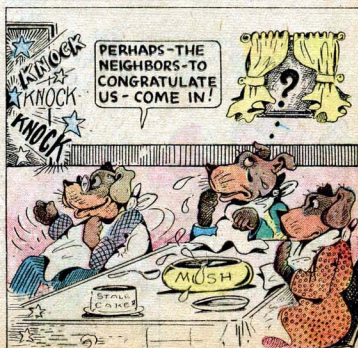
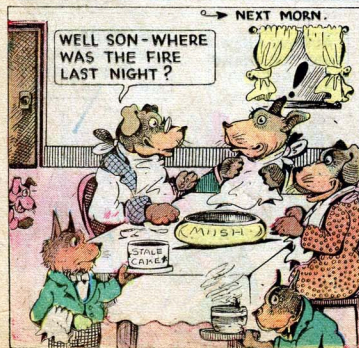
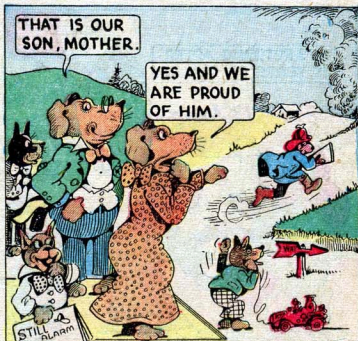
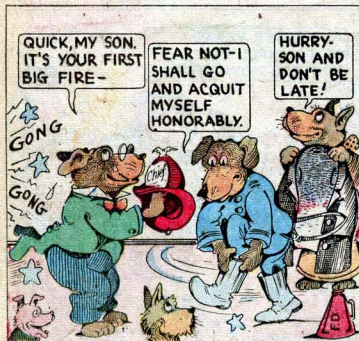
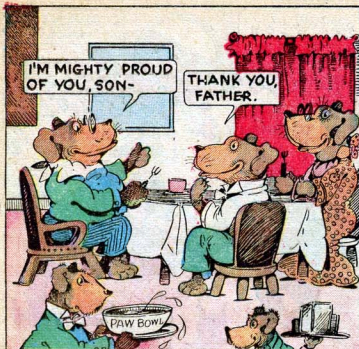
BUT HOW
DID YOU
KNOW
WHICH
ONE TO
PICK?

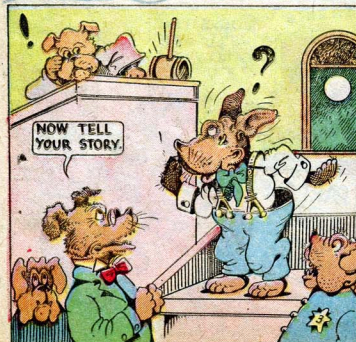
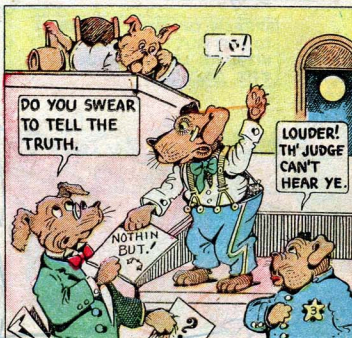
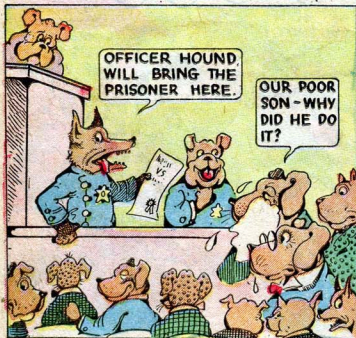
WELL, THE BELL BOY FIXED
THE TIME THE GLASS WAS
REMOVED AT BETWEEN TEN
AND TWELVE P.M. TWO
NIGHTS AGO. SUSPECTS
NUMBER 1 AND 3 COULDN'T
REMEMBER WHAT THEY DID
AT THAT TIME, BUT NO. 2
KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HE
DID, SO HE'S GOT TO BE THE GUILTY
ONE OF THE THREE-JUST TRY
TO REMEMBER EXACTLY
WHAT YOU DID TWO NIGHTS AGO
WITHOUT FIRST THINKING ABOUT
IT- ITS NOT POSSIBLE!

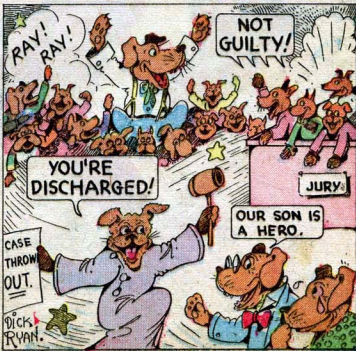
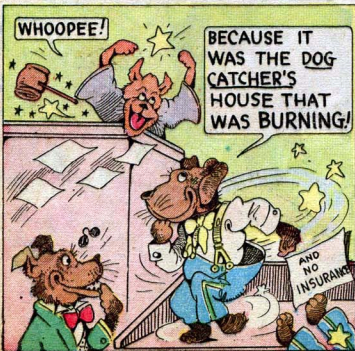
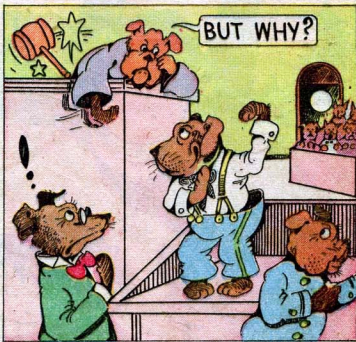
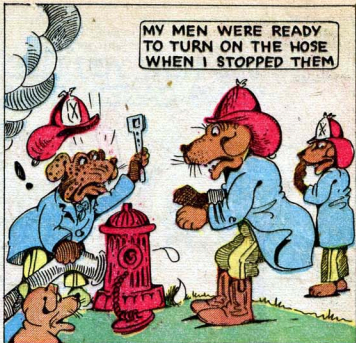
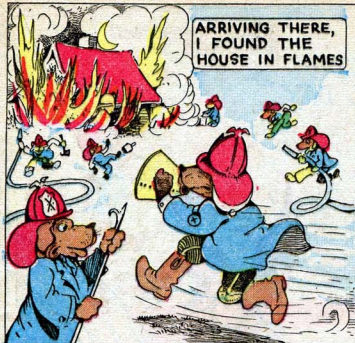


Sweet REVENGE



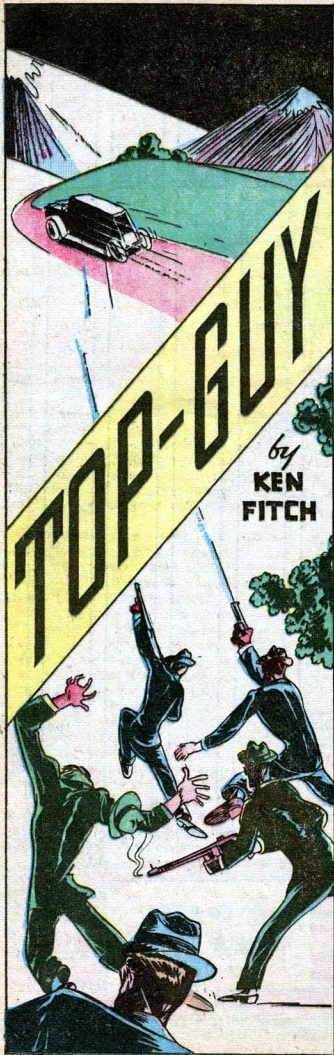






"SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT -
BEING CAGED UP ALL DAY."





The wheels of the heavy truck, whose sides bore in large, bold letters the words, "Re-seal Typewriter Corporation," strained under the fast application of air brakes, as the vehicle screeched to an emergency stop on the lonely stretch of road on the Waterbury pike. The huge tonnage careened off the concrete and onto the soft shoulders of the highway, sank down in the mud of the fall rains, stood shuddering for a moment on two wheels and then shattered with a crash down the steep embankment.

Johnny O'Hara, anticipating the fate of his charge, already was on the running board when the truck swerved on the slippery pavement, knowing that he had as much chance of stopping the cargo of typewriters from spilling as he had of checking the downpour of rain that glazed the road. He jumped, with a .45 blazing in his hand and met the fire from a tommy gun as a dozen men spread out fast to avoid the toppling vehicle.

As he landed he went sprawling on the ground, which saved his life for the moment, for a stream of hot lead whirled through the air above him and Johnny knew that it wasn't a belated Fourth of July celebration. He had presence of mind enough to roll away toward the center of the road as the truck crashed.

O'Hara got to his feet as soon as he could and, crouching low, he hit for the tall grass down the steep embankment on the opposite side of the road from which the gang was operating. But they had seen him and they sent a torrent of lead after him. He lay flat on his stomach in the wet grass and hoped they would forget him. They didn't, though, for a man with a tommy gun crossed the road and saw him lying in the mud.

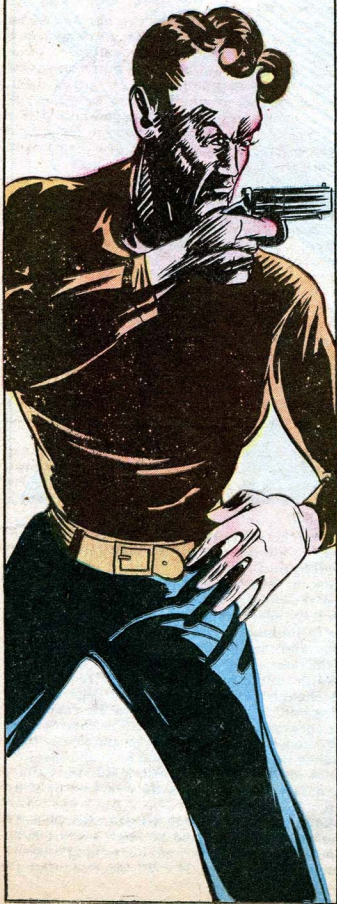
"Get up, you," the man growled. Johnny stood up, with his hands raised above his head, limped forward at the other's direction. His side felt as if it had been skinned the length of him.

A small wiry man with a thin face and a scar under the cheek bone was directing the operations of the gang. Johnny O'Hara guessed that it was Scarcreek Joe Bender, the vicious little gang leader, with a formidable record in the annals of murder. He spoke to Johnny's captor as they approached.

"We can't waste time with guys like him now," he said. "A corpse ain't much fun to lug around. First we got to move this stuff and get out of here. You stay with him, Connie and don't take no foolin' from him."

"Okay," Connie answered. "Come on, you," he ordered Johnny, "climb in the wagon, there."

A lonely dirt road intersected the highway where the truck had overturned and Johnny O'Hara saw three or four light trucks, built for speed, parked on it. Already the gang was taking the cargo from the wreck and placing it inside the smaller vehicles. These smaller cars combined would hold the load from the



big Mack and get over the ground more quickly and maybe go places that a heavy truck couldn't.

Johnny climbed into the rear of one of the light trucks and Connie got in after him, making sure not to lose his aim with the tommy gun. O'Hara sat on the floor close up to the cab and the other sat across from him. The gang began to load boxes of typewriters up against them, hemming them in.

O'Hara sat as easily as he could against his aching legs and the work went on with clocked precision.

"Don't try to get funny," Connie said, his voice cased in metallic hardness.

"Save your breath," Johnny answered. "I'm not crazy altogether."

In the darkness he began to speculate. Red-seal sure was having its share of tough luck. Mack Orlando, the night super had told him about it when he had hired him. A month previous one of their trucks had been hijacked on the same road. That time the driver had been killed.

Shortly after that Sol Barth, the company's senior partner had died of a heart attack, leaving the company's affairs in bad shape. And now this . . . Poor visibility had been a break for Johnny O'Hara. It had saved his life. In the rain and general darkness the gang had missed fire, in their first attempt to wipe him out, at least.

But he couldn't figure out why anyone would want to steal a load of typewriters. They were difficult to fence because each machine was recorded and numbered, therefore easily identified. Besides each unit had small resale value, compared to the amount of risk necessary to disposing of them. That wasn't the most important thing in O'Hara's mind, however. He was right now concerned about how to get out of the jam he was in . . . alive.

From the jogging and straining of the truck's body on the corners, O'Hara figured that they must be going better than fifty. Through the narrow spaces between the boxes he could see the headlights of the other trucks following and as he was unable to lose sight of them, he knew that the other drivers were wasting no time, either.

They tore along the pike for a while and then they turned a sharp right and began to climb upward on a rough road. But they kept up their speed and jounced over the bumps until Johnny almost cried out from the pain to his injured side. They might have gone on in this manner for a half hour when the truck stopped.

Immediately the driver and another member of the gang got out and began to unload the boxes of typewriters from the truck. They had almost unloaded the truck in which O'Hara and Connie were, when another pulled up.

"Move on out," Connie said. O'Hara got up and went to the rear of the truck, let himself to the ground as easily as he could.

They were on a muddy road in the middle of a field. Far back from the highway was the dark outline of a two-story house of frame construction. Scarceek had come up in the other vehicle. He approached Connie and said, "Put him in the shack and tie him up. We'll settle him when we get this load inside."

"Go to the back of the house and keep your hands up," Connie said to O'Hara. "And don't forget I'm right behind you with this little death tool well greased."

They had to leave the driveway to get to the rear of the house and O'Hara, stepping off the harder surface, found himself ankle-deep in mud. A hasty inspection as he labored through the muck showed him that the field toward the rear and to the side of the shack had been ploughed, for instead of long grass there was only gooey top soil. At the rear of the building the crane of a steam shovel reared above a deep excavation.

"Scarceek going to build?" O'Hara threw back over his shoulder.

Connie snorted. "Just keep moving, truck driver," he said, "and mind your own business."

Scarceek came up behind them. "Guess I better help you tie this bird," he said. There was a note of evident worry in his voice, as if he didn't quite know what he was doing or why and it then came to O'Hara's mind that Scarceek seldom had been known to engineer a job of his own creation. His crew usually handled work of a nasty nature for the plotting brains who wanted to keep their hands clean. On completion of these jobs he got a split of the proceeds.

The room into which they took O'Hara was small and bare, with thin walls and a narrow tightly shuttered window. Connie lit an oil lamp. In the flickering light he was a rough pug ugly, with a wide, spreading jaw and a low forehead. Scarceek went outside and brought back a thin rope like window cord, that was soaking wet. He took the gun from Connie and the pug began tying Johnny's hands.

"We need everybody to move the stuff," Scarceek said. "Tie him so he can't move."

When they left Johnny they had done a complete job of binding him. The wet rope cut into his muscles, made even breathing difficult. He waited, listening as he lay in the center of the floor. He heard the key turn in the lock, heard Connie and Scarface enter the next room. The sound of a match being scratched came through the walls and for a moment, Johnny held his breath, thinking they were going to fire the shack. But no sound of burning wood came to his ears and presently the footsteps of the two men disappeared down the stair treads. Therefore Johnny assumed that they were merely inspecting the upper floor.

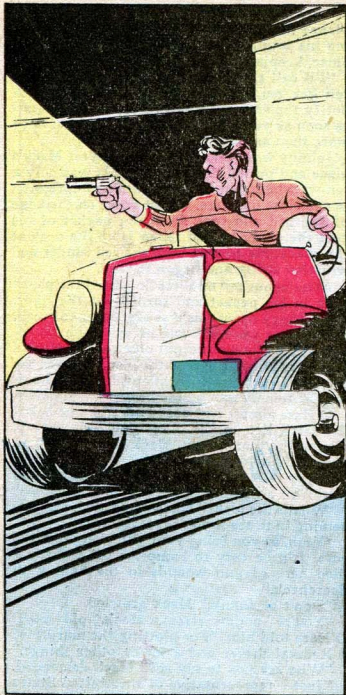
As soon as they had left he began tugging at his ropes. Finally, with the utmost effort, he



managed to roll his body over. At last in this manner he made the wall near the window. Bracing himself against the wall and bending his legs until the blood pounded through his veins, he finally stood erect at last. He was near the window and he pressed the weight of his body against the glass. It cracked, sounding to Johnny like the noise of a thousand cannons, and then shattered down about his neck to the floor and window sill.

With untold patience he carefully brought his shoulder against the ragged edge of the glass still in the window frame. He repeated the operation again and again. The sharp glass cut into his flesh but he kept on and finally the strands were cut through and he found that he could move his body a little inside the coils. In a few more minutes he was free of the ropes.

Connie had taken away his gun when he had first come upon him, so he knew he couldn't shoot away the lock and he wouldn't have dared to if he could. Nor was there anything



available with which to pick the lock. He remembered how plainly he had heard the scratching of the match on the wall in the next room and he went to the wall, ran his hand over it. He could tell that it was only a light wall board, so he raised his foot and let his heel out hard against it. The first blow put a hole in the board and he began to pull away the wall with his hands. Then he crawled through the hole in the wall, into the other room.

He lit a match. The room had a couple of straight-backed chairs and a deeply scarred desk in it. The door was to the left. Holding the match cupped in his hands he went to the desk and began to open drawers. They were filled with scrap paper of various sizes, pencils, a few pens, some paper with meaningless figures over the surface. He was about to close the drawer, when his eye lit on a red binder, with "Redseal Typewriter Corporation" printed on it in black letters, and slightly larger

than ordinary commercial letter paper. He picked it up, folded it in two and placed it in the pocket of his coat. Then he walked quietly to the door and out into the hallway.

Men were busily loading cases into the front room of the house as he came silently down from the upper landing, keeping close to the wall. He could see the silhouette of someone just outside the door. It looked like Connie and he was on guard with a tommy gun. O'Hara watched his chance. When the men were divided, some outside at the trucks and some in the front room he sprang upon the guard, wrenching the gun from the thug's hands.

Without waiting he opened fire on him, mowed him down like tall grass under a scythe. Unprepared, the crew at the trucks ran for cover. They fired from behind the trucks and Johnny opened up, sending a spray of bullets out ahead of him. The truck that was being unloaded stood near the porch and he ran toward it, kept his body weaving as he did so. Bullets from the gang flew fast and close and the crew from inside the house began to attack from the rear. A slug hit him in the shoulder, but sang out ahead of him and he knew it had only grazed him.

Climbing into the truck, he blazed out as he stepped on the starter. A man groaned and fell forward on his face. A short way from the one who just had fallen was the body of another, stretched out in the rain-soaked mud. The engine roared as he sped outward to the highway as a slug cracked diagonally through the windshield, coming so close that it skinned his knuckles on the steering wheel. He heard one of the gang shout behind him, "It's Scarcheck! He's dead!" He kept going. When he had made the highway he looked back and saw headlights following fast. But he had a head start and a reputation for making a truck take it. With his life at stake, he outdid himself.

He made New York about five in the morning and drove into the shipping room, straight up to the loading platform. Mack Orlando, the night super, was there alone when he entered. Orlando looked surprised.

"What's up, O'Hara?" he asked, squinting at the truck.

"Hijackers, Mack," Johnny said. "They got the truck and the load and they almost got me. I was lucky; kicked a hole in the wall and escaped." Orlando swore. "What's the matter," said Johnny, "you want me to get shot?"

"Of course not," Mack answered. "I was just thinking of the mess with the insurance company."

"They'll have plenty to say," Johnny observed. "But right now I'm all in, insurance company or no insurance company. I want sleep."

"There's a cot in the little room off my office," Mack suggested. "You can use that."

"Thanks."

"Got any idea who did it?" Mack asked.



"It was Scarcheek Joe Bender," O'Hara replied, "but I'm going to tell the insurance people to look for a top guy. I got some dope that'll make their hair stand up. I got Scarcheek on the way out, but he's only a pin boy, the way I figure."

Johnny went to the truck and covered the

tommy gun with the blankets on the seat. He picked up the bundle when Mack wasn't looking his way and started down toward Mack's office, keeping in the shadows.

"I'll call the insurance people as soon as I can get 'em," Mack called. "But I'll have to notify the cops right now. Better get to sleep as soon as you can. You won't be able to doze more than an hour."

Johnny went into the small room off Mack's office and pulled the light cord. It was only a ten-watt bulb, but it made quite an impression in the close quarters. He sat down on the edge of the bed and took from the pocket of his coat the paper he had taken from the desk at the shack. He turned back the red binder and whistled softly and began to read.

After about ten minutes he placed the paper back in his pocket and turned out the light. Gray, foggy dawn was just beginning to break. His clothes were wet and he was cold. He removed his clothes and put on a pair of Mack's jumpers. Then he spread the blankets over the cot, climbed beneath them and lay still, holding the tommy gun beside him.

O'Hara almost had dozed off when he heard the latch lift on the outer door. He sat up, aiming the tommy gun. Mack entered with an automatic held in his fist.

"Drop it, Mack," Johnny said. Mack did and raised his arms.

"What's the idea?" Mack demanded. "I'm just coming in to see if you're all right."

"Yeah, so you bring your gun along to make sure. It'd be easy to bump me off and say I died here of gun wounds in the fight with Scarcheek."

"Don't be funny," Mack growled.

"You're under arrest, Mack, old boy," O'Hara told him. "For plotting the murder of a Redseal driver and a lot of other things."

"Who are you to say so?" Mack demanded.

"Just a representative of the United States Government," replied O'Hara.

"You mean you're a G-man?" Beads of perspiration stood out on Orlando's brow.

"Some people call us that," Johnny said.

Suddenly Mack ducked to the floor and grabbed his gun. Johnny ripped out with the tommy gun, smashing his slugs into the door jamb. Mack fired back with a deadly purpose. Johnny had purposely missed, but Mack had no such intention. Lead burned into O'Hara's shoulder. Johnny fired this time at Mack's gun hand. The automatic slipped to the floor and Mack cried out in pain. Johnny sprang forward and met a hard left from Mack's good hand. Johnny came back hard with a right and they grappled for a moment. Mack brought his knee up and Johnny smashed out again with his right and Mack went down.

O'Hara was trying to fix his shoulder when the cops arrived. Riley, from headquarters, knew O'Hara the moment he entered.

"There's something screwy here," Riley said. "Orlando gave us the call and now he's

out on the floor. If you weren't a Fed. I'd say we ought to pull you in."

Johnny gave them the story while Riley fixed a tourniquet on his shoulder.

"Orlando and Sol Barth were partners," Johnny explained. "They bought typewriters from various factories and wholesaled them under their own trade name."

"That too tight?" Riley asked.

"No. It's okay. Things weren't so good lately and Sol Barth and Orlando plotted to have a load of merchandise go haywire and hired Scarcheck to do the job. The insurance company settled and right away the creditors clamped down on them and so the deal turned out to be a dud.

"Then Sol Barth died just recently and left his affairs in a mess. Orlando figured that he could do the same thing all over again, not realizing that insurance companies don't pay out a hundred thousand without an investigation. They called us in, because it was an interstate offense.

"I drove a truck for them and got hijacked tonight. We never had been able to find any trace of the typewriters, so we figured they had been junked. That made it look like an insurance swindle.

"Orlando was a silent partner of Barth's and I learned only tonight at the shack who the top guy was."

"How?" asked Riley.

"From an auditor's report. When I got clear of the ropes I rummaged through a desk, thinking I might find something. I found the report. It showed a bad deficit and a statement of the partnership drawings. Orlando had about drawn the well dry and had tried to right himself with Barth by planning the crime. Its failure to net Barth anything probably caused his death.

"Evidently Orlando had been using the shack as a sort of headquarters, for I also found in the report leaves of a folded copy of a deed from him to Scarcheck of the shack and adjoining property. That was dated before the first haul, evidently to make it look like Scarcheck's job in case of a showdown."

Mack groaned. Riley drew his gun. Mack sat up.

"It's a frame-up!" he said to Riley. "Arrest that guy . . ."

"Easy," said Riley. "Suppose instead you tell us where you hid the load of typewriters . . ."

"It's a lie!" shouted Orlando.

"They're buried under a cellar excavation," O'Hara offered. "Scarcheck was to build on the lot, so he made the excavation twice as deep as necessary. Put the boxes in there and cover them with concrete and we'd look till doomsday for them."

Orlando's face fell. "Okay," he said. "You guys don't miss a trick, do you?"

The cop who had come with Riley was looking at the report. Johnny had given it to him.

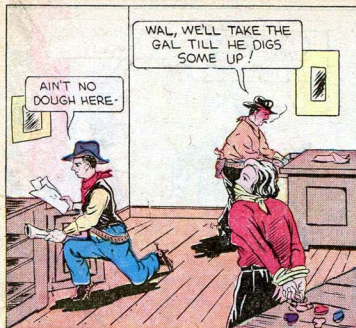


"How could you tell anything by this mess of figgers?" he asked.

"A G-man has to be a lawyer or an accountant before he starts in," Johnny said. "I'm an accountant."

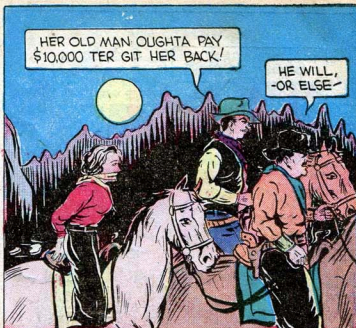
JIG-SAW TRAIL





AIN'T NO DOUGH HERE-

WAL, WE'LL TAKE THE GAL TILL HE DIGS SOME UP!



HER OLD MAN OUGHTA PAY \$10,000 TER GIT HER BACK!

HE WILL, -OR ELSE-



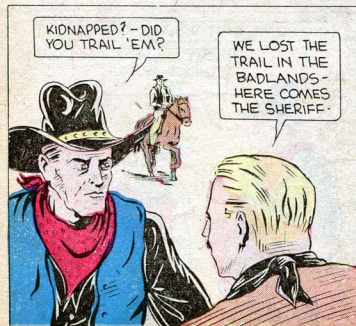
I THINK THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE TER HIDE OUT TILL WE GIT THE DOUGH-

PERFECK! NOBODY KIN TRAIL US THROUGH THE BADLANDS WE JES CUM THROUGH.



WHEN ANN GITS UP, TELL HER I LEFT A FEW PIECES OUT OF THET PUZZLE - HERE THEY ARE-

SHE'S GONE BILL- BEEN KIDNAPPED!



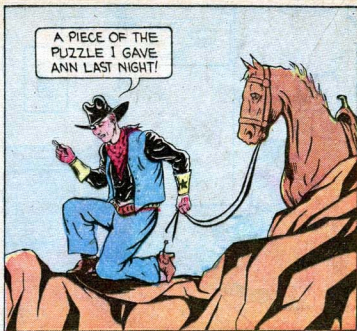
KIDNAPPED? - DID YOU TRAIL 'EM?

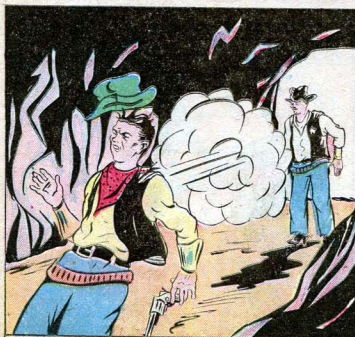
WE LOST THE TRAIL IN THE BADLANDS - HERE COMES THE SHERIFF.



LET'S HIT THE TRAIL AGAIN!

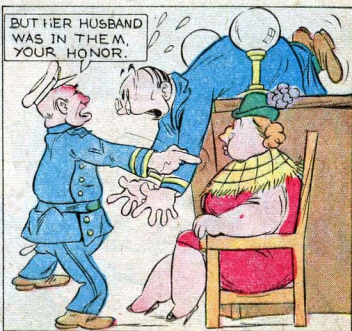
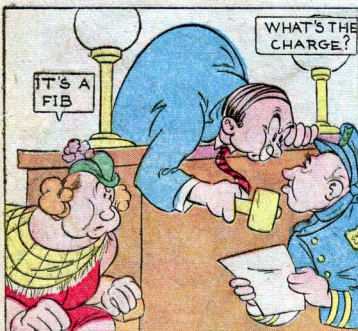
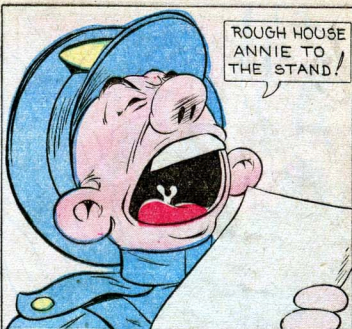
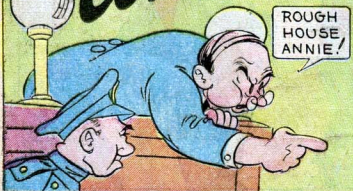
I'M GOIN' TOO!





ROUGH HOUSE

Annie



Lucky Coyne

A slight error

A FINE WAY TO LOOK FOR A BUNCH O' MURDERS! WALKIN' THE STREETS ALL NIGHT!

IT'S THE ONLY WAY, KILLER SLOAN CAN'T STAY HOLED UP FOREVER AND HE'S IN THIS PART OF TOWN.

Sergeant Neil "Lucky" Coyne and Detective Mike McDune were assigned to the difficult and dangerous task of finding Killer Sloane, escaped murderer. They trailed him to a quiet section of the city, but there the trail was lost. McDune, gruff and impatient for action, had found this ceaseless search monotonous.

LET'S DROP IN ON DOC BROWN. I WANT TO SEE ONE OF HIS PATIENTS.

OKAY WITH ME. MY DOGS ARE TIRED.

They paused in their weary patrol before the home of a friend, Dr. Samuel Brown. They needed a rest and Doc Brown would welcome them no matter how late the hour. They were greeted warmly by the old doctor and as they entered his home he beamed at them, glad of their company.

WE GOTTA HURRY OR SLOAN WILL BE DEAD! HE NEEDS A DOCTOR BAD.

DR. SAMUEL BROWN

WE GOT A CASE FOR YOU, DOC. GET YOUR CLOTHES AND YOUR BAG.

BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HELP YOU--

YOU'LL HELP US ALL RIGHT.

When Dr. Brown opened the door, he was greeted by two guns and the hard glint in the eyes of the men behind them indicated that resistance would be certain suicide. Dr. Brown tried to protest, but the men jabbed him with their weapons and snarled an order for him to hurry.

DON'T MOVE! THOSE MUGS WILL LEAD US TO KILLER SLOAN

WE GOT A PAL WHO'S BEEN HURT AND HE NEEDS A DOCTOR. YOU'RE GONNA FIX HIM UP OR ELSE--

BUT I TELL YOU I CAN'T HELP--

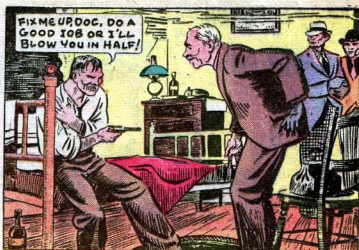
SHUT UP!

But the gunmen didn't know that two detectives were crouched in a small room just off the hall. Dr. Brown stepped back slowly, drawing the men into the trap. His features remained calm and betrayed none of the excitement that seethed within him.

The gunmen forced him into a car and they sped rapidly out of the city limits. On the trip Dr. Brown learned why he was needed. A friend of the men who had kidnapped him had been shot and needed a physician's care. Dr. Brown vainly tried to protest, but he was not given an opportunity. Where were Lucky Coyne and Big Mike? They had made no attempt to grab the gunmen!



The moment that the gunmen rolled away with Dr. Brown in their car, Lucky and Big Mike were on the street hailing a taxi. They sped in pursuit. Lucky, thinking swiftly, guessed that Killer Sloan had been wounded in his getaway and his pals had kidnapped Doc Brown to treat him.



The car traveled far out of the city and stopped behind an old farmhouse. Dr. Brown, with a gun in the small of his back, was pushed into the house. He was led to a bedroom where he found a man with a chest wound from a bullet. Brown recognized him as Killer Sloan, wanted for robbery and murder. The two gunmen promised Brown a thousand dollars if he could help Sloan.



Dr. Brown knew only too well that the offer of a thousand-dollar fee was only a ruse. Once Killer Sloan was well again, guns would surely bark. Yet Dr. Brown felt sorry for the wounded killer. He treated him as best he could, hoping against hope for an opportunity to escape. To jump the guns would have been sheer suicide. Coyne and Big Mike must have followed! Were they preparing a raid on this farmhouse?



Outside, hidden behind the high brush, the two detectives sized up the house. Big Mike was all for rushing the place and fighting it out, but Lucky's saner judgment prevailed. To have attempted to take the place by storm would have resulted surely in the murder of Dr. Brown.



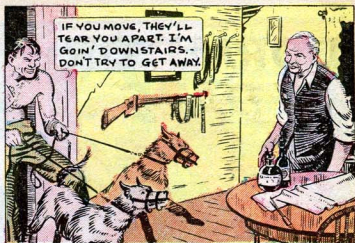
Wisely, Dr. Brown realized that his two friends must be outside awaiting an opportunity to attack, but fearing that he would be the first man to die, Brown asked for more adhesive and Sloan dispatched his gunmen to get it and also to steal a car. Sloan kept his gun on Brown every moment and there was murder in his eyes.



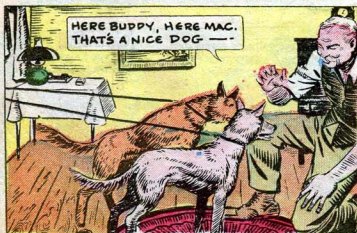
Lucky and Big Mike saw the two gunmen emerge and head for their car! Swiftly Big Mike went into action. He lunged for the crooks, grabbed them, and with a grunt of displeasure, he smashed their heads together. But one man whipped out his gun and fired a warning shot.



Killer Sloan heard the shot and instantly he knew what it meant. He would have to shoot it out. Vaguely he suspected the doctor of engineering this raid and he made up his mind to murder him. But he might prove an excellent hostage if things got too bad.



Sloan opened the door of an adjoining room and dragged out two vicious, half starved dogs. They were muzzled, but Sloan kept away from them. He bent down, stripped off the muzzles and removed the leash. With a laugh he ran downstairs where he might surprise the police. The dogs began to circle the doctor, snarling and baring their teeth.



The moment the killer left Dr. Brown smiled. He calmed the dogs with soft words and gestures of friendship. They responded quickly and their growls changed to yelps of pleasure. Undaunted by their former ferocity, Dr. Brown carefully approached them. A miracle had been accomplished. Brown could pass by those canine guards without harm. But he didn't leave. Instead he listened while the guns began to crack as Sloan shot it out with Lucky and Big Mike.



Sloan, from a window on the first floor, poured shot after shot into the darkness, firing at the orange streaks of light from the guns of the police. Coyne and Big Mike returned the fire. Sloan believed the house surrounded and determined to make a hostage of Dr. Brown.

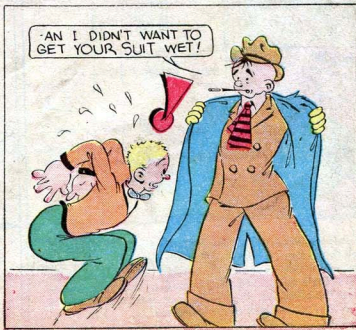
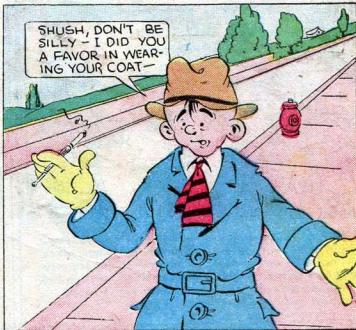
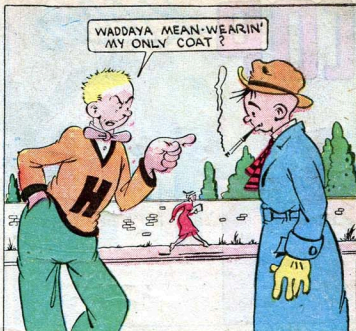
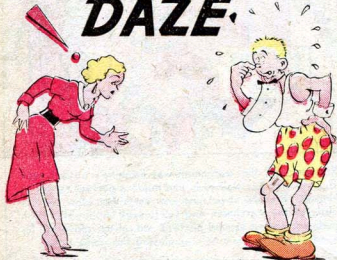


Confidently Sloan raced back upstairs and laughed when he heard the scuffling of the dogs' paws on the floor. He opened the door before this avalanche of canine onslaught. He went down, pinned to the floor by the two heavy dogs. Dr. Brown scooped up the gun Sloan had dropped.



Lucky rushed in and overpowered Killer Sloan, pinned down by the dogs. Big Mike followed with the still unconscious crooks under his arms. Sloan listened in amazement as Coyne explained. Dr. Brown was a veterinarian and these dogs knew him. Sloan was handcuffed and led away on his first step toward the electric chair.

DORMITORY DAZE.

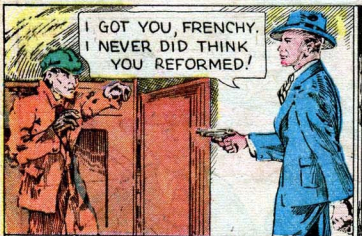


COP Killer



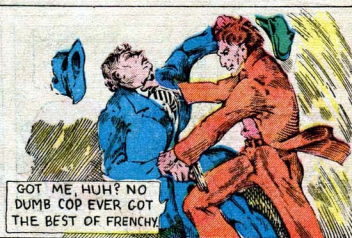
BOY, THIS
SURE IS
A PIPE!

Knocking off the watchman was Frenchy's easiest task. The old man just walked in and made a perfect target of himself. Frenchy struck just one murderous blow, hid the body of the watchman and fell to work on the safe. With burlap wrapped around his feet and rubber gloves on his hands, Frenchy knew he was playing the game right.



I GOT YOU, FRENCHY.
I NEVER DID THINK
YOU REFORMED!

Detective Higgins, returning late from a long job, saw a grotesque shadow moving inside the warehouse office. He pulled his gun, opened the door very quietly and snapped a command. Frenchy stood up, bit his lower lip until the blood ran and raised both hands. He was trapped and five feet away was a murdered watchman.



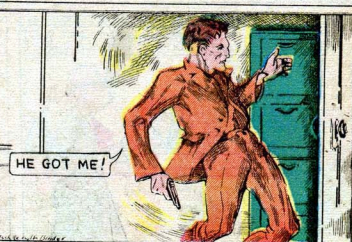
GOT ME, HUH? NO
DUMB COP EVER GOT
THE BEST OF FRENCHY.

There was nothing brave in what Frenchy did. It was sheer desperation for he faced the electric chair and knew it. Moving like a serpent striking, he sprang at the detective, gripped him by the throat, knocked his gun aside and prevented a single shot from being fired.



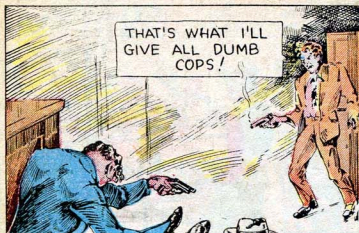
STOP!
YOU FOOL!

Slowly the detective's gun was forced from his grasp. It fell to the floor. Like a flash Frenchy stepped back and pulled his own weapon. He brought its butt down on the detective's head. Higgins slumped to the floor, but he wasn't unconscious. He saw his own gun, scooped it up and fired point blank at the murderer.

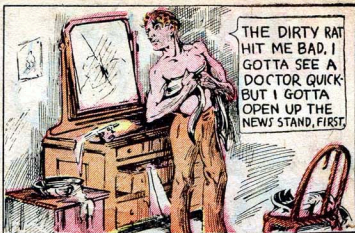


HE GOT ME!

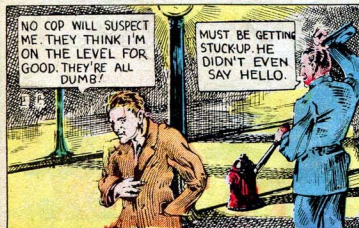
Frenchy, frantic with terror, raced for the door. Higgins squeezed the trigger once and Frenchy felt the impact of lead between his shoulders. He reeled against the wall, gasping for breath. Blood oozed from the wound and stained the wall. Hate seethed in his small brain. He turned: his own gun came up.



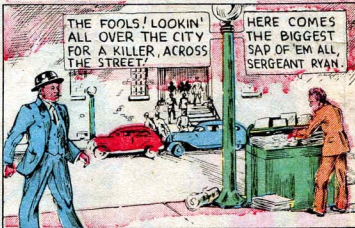
Frenchy yanked the trigger. His gun spat certain death at this close range and Detective Higgins never knew what had hit him. Now Frenchy had two murders on his soul. He scurried like a frightened rat out of the building to slink down dismal alleys for the safety of his cheap rooming house.



Secure in his room, Frenchy hastily dressed the wound and realized that it was serious. He needed a doctor and knew a crooked physician who would treat him. But first of all, he had to open up the news stand in front of police headquarters. The cops thought he had reformed and if he didn't appear, they might get suspicious.



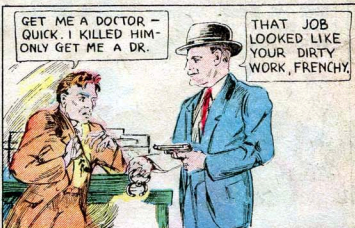
It was daybreak, opening time for the news stand, when Frenchy walked down the street. His lips were tightly pressed, for the wound hurt him with every step. He didn't notice the patrolman who waved to him in a friendly manner. Frenchy wasn't afraid. Every cop thought he had reformed. He had left no clues and couldn't be caught.



The pain eased a little and Frenchy opened his news stand for business. At about ten o'clock he would close up and see the doctor. Until then he felt he would be strong enough to face the cops. His squinty eyes saw Sergeant Ryan, closest friend of the man Frenchy had murdered, coming toward the news stand. Ryan would tell him of the murder and Frenchy laughed inwardly.

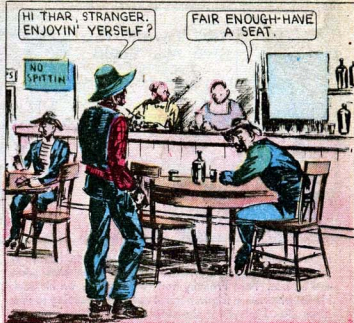


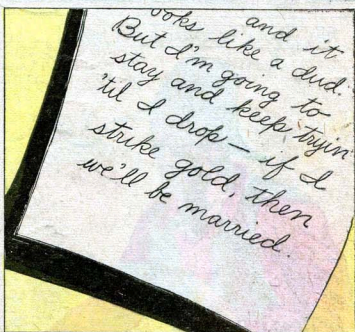
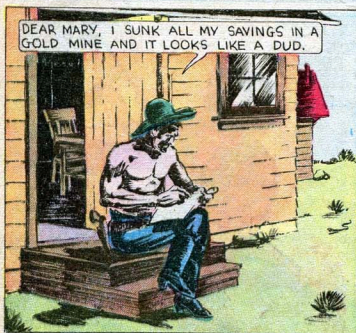
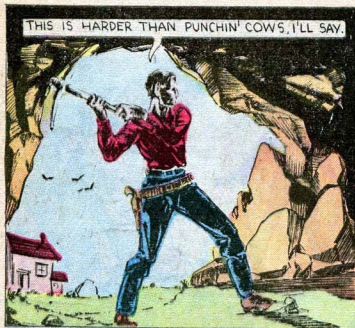
Detective Sergeant Ryan called Frenchy a pal. Ryan had sent the wily killer to prison and had taken him in hand when he was released. He had furnished the capital for the ex-convict's new start in life and Ryan believed Frenchy had reformed completely. He came to buy a paper and to tell him of Higgins' murder. He slapped Frenchy familiarly across the back.



Frenchy tried to duck that friendly slap, but it struck him directly over the wound. Blood oozed out and stained his shirt. Ryan guessed quickly what had happened. He pulled his gun, menaced the killer and affixed handcuffs. He wasn't as dumb as Frenchy believed and he had an invisible assistant whom men call Fate.

POTO' GOLD

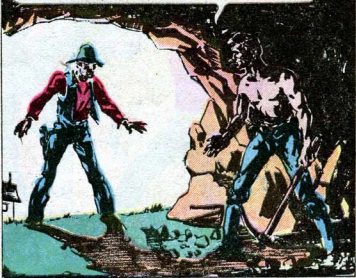




LOOKS DESERTED, SHORE NUFF.



YOU DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSIN' SKUNK!
YOU THOUGHT I'D GET DISGUSTED-AN
WALK OUT, EH?



WAL, YOU'LL BE CARRIED OUT NOW!

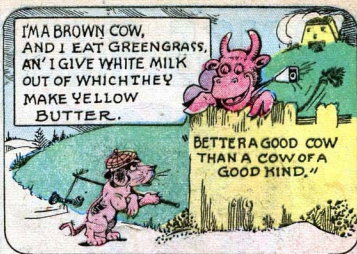
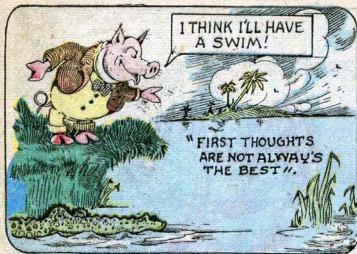


GOLD! THERE IS GOLD HERE! BEEN
DIGGIN' IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!

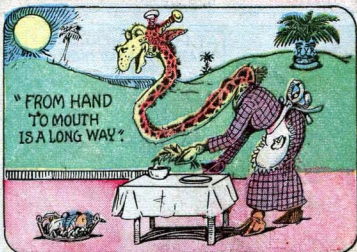
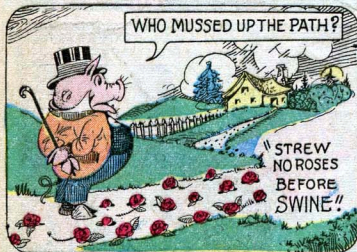


DEAR MARY: I'VE JUST STRUCK A
RICH VEIN! HOLD ON, HONEY, 'CAUSE
I'LL BE COMIN' AFTER YOU, PRONTO.





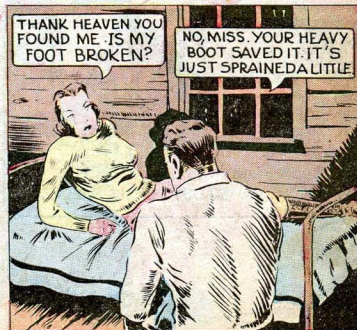
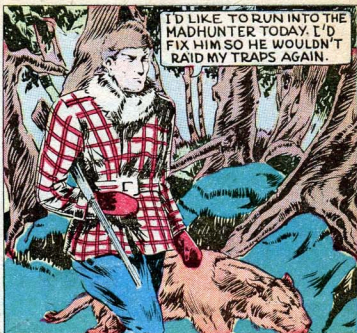
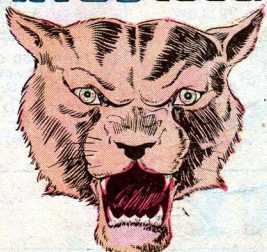
FUNNY

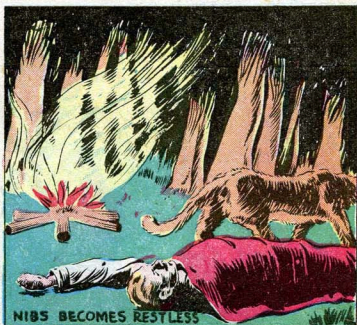


FABLES



FANGS OF THE COUGAR





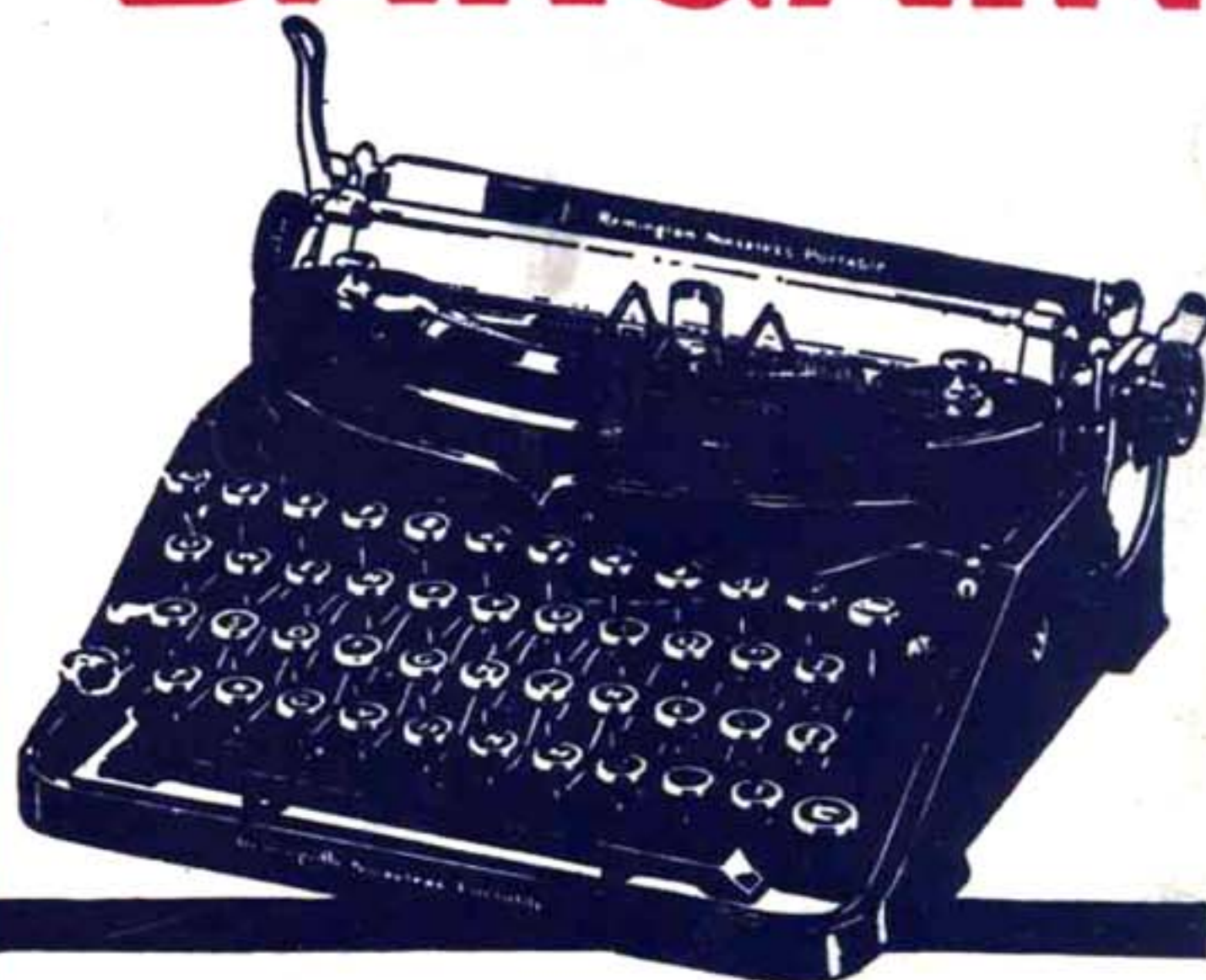


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